

## 6. Out of Sight

Your trainers, they're so box fresh

You look so cool, but look more closely at the mesh

Those stitches were put there by a child in Bangladesh

It's out of sight, so that's alright

It's out of sight, so it's out of mind

If it's out of mind, then it's out of sight

That makes it, that makes it alright, I think

That mobile phone in your pocket

Little device that's costing you a packet

Taking over your mind, it's a big big racket

The ingredients that make that phone are minded by children under  
African skies

They don't live long, most of them die

The sound of gunshots, is the sound they're familiar with

But it gets the ingredients for the iphone fucking 6

But it's out of sight, so that's alright

It's happening elsewhere, I'll never be over there  
I've got my trainers on and I'm texting me mates  
And I'm here in the west, where life is fucking great

It's out of sight, it's out of mind  
Doesn't even matter how cruel or necessarily unkind  
As long as I'm the one-eyed man in the kingdom of the blind  
Everything's fine, I'll just close that eye

## **Vol 3. Instrumentals**

**1. Say Farewell**

**2. Demented Pixie Music**

**3. Manchego**

**4. Five Pound Junkie Shades**

**5. Walking Through Morecambe**

**6. Banjoy Division**

**7. Molly's Song**

**8. Into The Valley Of The Timberwolves (Instrumental)**

See version with lyrics on vol.2 track 3

## **9. A Riff for Paco**

“An old riff of mine, which came after being shown a partial capo by CLive, this guitar man up in Hebden years ago.

You can tell I was on bass before guitar. I love this little riff, it doesn't have any words and this is the first time playing it on electric.

Techno Skiffle riff with a new intro.”

The first time I heard this was from a recording of a gig in London in 2015, it's such a soothing melody and he dedicated it to Paco in remembrance of his lovely nature.

## **10. All The Kings Are Gone (Instrumental)**

## **11. Lying To Your Mum (Instrumental)**

## **12. Coming Down Slow**

## **Vol 4. Bonus CD - Stand Up, Sketches & Stories**

### **1. Soundchecks & Singbacks**

Soundchecks are fucking ace, especially when it's a drum soundcheck and it goes snare, snare, snare, for 10 minutes. I love that bit, that's my favorite bit of the gig.

My backing band couldn't be with me tonight because of not existing.

And I did try to get them to come, but they were only in my mind.

But, there has been a lot of problems, I did nearly split up on the way here.

That's not funny mate, you don't know the stress I'm under, I nearly split up just before the gig.

Fucking nightmare.

No I didn't.

You what?

Am I fucking saying I'm gonna split up?

Yeah I fucking am what am I gonna do about it?

Am I fucking looking at me?

I'll fucking knock myself out in a minute, fat cunt.

Shit, hang on sorry, I'm just glad that none of this actually comes out of me mouth.

Imagine if everyone could hear your internal monologue...

Do you want them women to come and introduce me, because it's pretty pointless now, should I just get on with it?

People of Blackpool, this fucking festival is like the football match in the middle of the 1st world war.

Loads of people who could be killing each other, just having a rest from all that, I like to see that.

And this is the time, I don't want to see you sat down, it's Saturday afternoon you lazy fuckers.

Can we have a bit of like we mean it? Can we have a bit of like we mean it vibes?

Now these are the rules, it's very, very simple. Anyone in here, who doesn't sing along to the sing-a-longy bits, I'll find out where you live.

And I'll get a housing benefit claim on your spare room.

And I'll eat all your cashew nuts and I'll say it was somebody else.

I'm prepared to go that far, I know it sounds evil, but it is evil because you know I am evil.

That's one of the curses of being evil, it's the embarrassing bit when you realise you are evil.

## **2. The Big Tory Workhouse Sketch**

Day 3064 in the big Tory workhouse.

Tiny Tim has been found fit for work, despite dying on Wednesday of cholera.

His mother has been punished for his non-attendance by having to give her kidney to her local Tory MP who needed it for one of his dogs.

Meanwhile Michael has gone to the Diary Room, only to find out that Diary resources have been drastically cut and the room has been re-imagined as a mincing machine, which he fell into and then was made into burgers, which were sold to make more money for his Tory overlords.

### 3. Festival Dictator Sketch

Uh excuse me, excuse me, uh excuse me, uh fella, uh could I have a quick word.

Uh, I can see that you've just finished putting your tent up, I can see that, but could you move it please because this is a designated area which i don't want you to put your tent, uh it's been designated by me and you had an email about it, about a year after the festival I think if you check your emails in a year's time you'll find that uh, that you'll get an email a year from today which will clearly state that you can't put your tent there because I'm... I'm...

I don't make, well I do make the rules at the moment, but uh you know I'm going to pretend somebody else does. No, I'm sorry, you can't, you can't put your tent... I know you've just put your tent up and put all your things inside it and I can see that that's upsetting you, but we won't tolerate bad language because this is after all a festival.

A festival, a free expression of, of, um creativity and uh i like it to follow the rules, uh spontaneity is all very well, but spontaneity needs to be finished by uh, one, one minute past midnight, otherwise the council will take away our license.



## **4. Salt-N-Pepa Push It Parody**

Oh baby, baby, give it a right good push.

## **5. Electric Distortion**

A psychedelic dance track.

## **6. Riley In A Can**

“Years ago I played double bass in this band called ‘The Little Wooden Buddhas’. It was me, this genius piano dude called Octavius handspan and a pure crazy drummer called Adam veeb o phagus. We did improv tunes around simple bass lines as I had only just got a double bass..

Octavius had a grand piano in a tiny council flat woodhouse in leeds, I’d been walking past with a double bass and his drummer Adam shouted out the window cos he saw the bass, but then when I realised it was adam, me and him had been in a pixies / breeders / elastica type band with each other years before so I just went in and joined the band straight away.

I listen to old minidiscs of the little wooden buddhas a lot.”

## 7. The Light Side Of Psychosis

When I was about 24, I was having a bit of a bad do, these lads tried to kill me and my brother, blah, blah, blah.

I'd been awake for a few nights, I'd lost my house. And everything was going a bit shite, so I ate this big lump of hash thinking this'll get me to bed, aha, silly cunt.

And then I had a seizure in my girlfriend's bed, not knowing what a seizure was because it was the first one I'd ever had, I was that sleep deprived and I was very frightened as well, so I had loads of adrenaline in my head.

And in my tripping sort of state, I went downstairs naked, covered in piss.

And I'm saying to our James; Shamus, listen to me man.

And he's like; what are you doing with no clothes on you cunt?

And I'm like; Shamus, listen. I've died.

And I was convinced that I'd died in this seizure. And what I'd been experiencing in the convulsions was my soul leaving my body, so I was actually totally convinced that I was dead because I was in the middle of a cannabis psychosis, not realising after eating a massive lump of hash. Silly bastard.

So my brother's going; you haven't died.

And my girlfriend and my mates are going; you haven't fucking died mate. You're naked, you're being a bit annoying, but you're certainly not dead.

And I was getting really annoyed, because I'm thinking why aren't they listening to me, why are they denying the most spiritual experience I've ever had? I died up their in that fucking bed you cunts!

He said; yeah we could hear fucking something was going on, we thought you were having a wank or something.

And I was like; I died!

And they wouldn't have it, and then because I got so irate with my poor brother, the poor bastard, him putting up with me, I fucking had another seizure.

But everybody saw me then having a fit, so they did what you'd imagine would be sensible, they got an ambulance.

So I've come round from the second fit, in the ambulance, still convinced that I've died.

So I'm thinking they're wasting NHS resources, they could help somebody else.

So I'm shouting to the driver; mate, I've died, you're wasting petrol.

Don't take me to BRI, take me to Ecleshill cemetery where I used to huff the glue and I'll be alright.

And I'll be a ghosty and I can huff ghosty glue and it'll all be fine.

And my poor brother was in the ambulance with me and I'm saying to him: James look, you'll have to ring mum and tell her I've died.

And he was like trying to hold me still.

And it's shameful to admit, but I kind of got a big fighty, a bit fighty with the ambulance guys.

Which you should never do, because fuck me they actually save lives man.

And I was more fighty with my brother, but we did fight a lot as brothers anyway.

So they ended up strapping me to this ambulance, fucking stretchy thing.

And I'm there in Bradford Royal Infirmary, I'm there in A&E, strapped to a stretcher and I'm shouting at all the pissheads going; will you show a bit of respect for the dead! I fucking died earlier you cunts! I fucking died I'll have you know!

Then they put me onto a heart monitor, because they're obviously thinking what is going on with this mad cunt?

And after a bit of calming down I had another fit, and the little things came off my chest didn't they, so the machine went ooooooooooooo. Not because I had died, but because they came off my chest.

But me, I saw that and I'm saying to the nurses; I fucking told you, I fucking told you cunts, I fucking died.

Why is no one listening to me today? I fucking died at tea time and you're still fucking me about with this fucking heart monitor.

Can I not just get a taxi to go to the pub now I'm a ghosty?

And anyway as you might imagine I ended up in a mental hospital.

## 8. The Story of Captain Hotknives

Ay up, right, so this is the story of Captain Hotknives. It's how I got the name, it's where the songs came from in the beginning and why I started doing it in public as a thing, right?

So, I'm doing this for Eddie, out of the Nils in Dublin, because he interviewed me once outside Emit's bar in Balina.

'Went great good, I've never really been interviewed for obvious reasons, involving fucking ticks and what-have-you, I'm probably a bit of a nightmare to interview.

But like he interviewed us, recorded it into this zoom thing, happy days! But then the card or something didn't work so it all got lost.

But he was the only person who ever asked me the good questions and it did make me think how the fucking did I get started, etc.

So, I'm gonna try and explain it, all right then, so the name Captain Hotknives - I wasn't gonna call myself anything, it always seems pretentious having a 'band name', but if you're gonna perform on stage, you need a fucking name. And me own name Christopher, bit on the boring side, you know. 'And now, live on stage, Christopher!' Do you know what I mean? It's not really up there with the good rock and roll names is it? Like Chuck Berry.

Anyway so I got this nickname years before I did any fucking gigs, what it was, I used to go to this guy's house to get a draw. And me and my mate Rachel, we used to go in to town busking, soon as we had enough money to get a team for an eighth, we'd go over somebody's house and buy it.

And we used to annoy the fuck out of all the dealers because we turned up with like loads of 20p's and 10p's, and be like that \*dumps

coins\* aha, £14.10, £14.11, and you know the guy would be like for fucking sake, just bring some fucking bank notes, and we'd be like we've been busking man.

So we were busking to get a smoke and this one day we went to this guy's house in Bradford, got this 8th. And all Bradford hours used to have these gas fires, all the shit houses anyway, housing benefit shit holes, these gas fires with these tiley bits.

So I chopped out a whole eighth into blims. And me and Rachel got the knives out of the guitar case, we hot knifed the whole eighth between us, but that was like standard behaviour to us.

And then off we fucked to get more money, to come back and get another eighth and annoy the cunt again, with loads of change.

And just as I was leaving in the door, the fella says "you're a right fucking captain hotknives you are, aren't you?" And I thought well I'm not the captain of it pal, I got shown it by Scottish people, Scottish people are fuck loads harder than English people and they showed me the hot knives back in the late 80s, so I was never the captain of it.

But I've got this guy calling me captain hotknives, forgot it instantly, went outside, went back to theiving and getting money. So anyway, never thought about it again, captain fucking hotknives.

But I did have a song for years called 'hot knives are good for you' and it was made up for my friend Rachel, now Rachel was my partner in crime for a while, like we met through busking on dally street in Bradford.

Anyway, so we were both a bit mad like, we used to go all day getting money to get a smoke, and all-night smoking it, chatting, fucking being giddy and could never sleep.

We used to go see all the horses that were tied up at the bottom of the estates, like bottom of Elmwood. We used to go take them carrots and things like that, I used to feel like I were one of them horses, you know with a chain around it's fucking neck, can only go in a little circle, because that's what it's like living in Bradford on fucking dole money.

So anyways, she and me, me and Rachel, I was a base player, I was in a band and I was never wanting to front a band, I'm not a singer, I can't shut up, but I don't necessarily talk a lot of sense, so I never got given a mic in any band that I played bass and I'd rather play a bass to be honest, it's my first love, getting them fingers walking on the strings.

But see, I used to make silly songs up, just for me and Rachel in the nights, at me old gaff, and I used to call my old house the hot knife research station. And we'd meet random nutters all the time, but anyone who come in the house I'd make them have a few hot knives, because I'll tell you what, you know, if they were fucking plainclothes or something, it'd be fucking hilarious, you know giving them some hotknives, but luckily everyone was sound who came round, ish, Bradford it's a wide term soundness.

So I used to make these songs for Rachel anyway and years down the line, sadly Rachel went on to the next world in bad circumstances. And after that, because I never had the front, she always used to tell me "you should do those silly songs as a gig, you should sing 'hot knives are good for you' in the pub!"

And I said "Rachel, nobody in their right mind will want a seven minute fucking story about Jesus Mary and Joseph doing hot knives in the desert, except you, our Ben, our Dean, Alan, do you know, the people we knew might like it because I could sing it to them and I could see they liked it and that worked and I knew it was all right. But doing it in a pub, fuck off, no way was I gonna sing a captain

hotknives song in a pub, and I weren't even 'captain hotknives' yet. I was just me Christopher.

But you see after Rachel went, I had a word with myself and I thought the only thing that stopped me doing Captain Hotknives songs, which is what they've become, is fear, I was afraid to go in a pub and just do a rambling story, like because you can do that in a front room with a few mates, because they're your mates, they're not gonna kick your head in, they'll probably laugh and if they don't laugh, at least you can see by their eyes, they're fucking bored and you just stop, do you get me? Whereas in a pub, it's full of fucking random strangers, they could be complete psychos, you don't know what singing to them might entail. It's bad enough being a bass player, I've seen mad enough fucking shit from being on stage all my days.

So for one thing or another, I wasn't in a rush to sing my songs that I thought were for Rachel, I wasn't in a rush to sing them out to the public in bigger numbers. But see, when I was grieving over the loss of my friend, I thought she did tell me to do this and I never fucking did it, I never listened to her, well I did listen, but I was just too scared to do it and I thought well what am I afraid of now? And you know what I kind of wanted somebody to kill me because somebody had killed my friend and I thought fuck this life.

So I just started going into open mic nights and singing 'hot knives are good for you' or 'I skanked my nana' which were just old little ideas from sitting there with Rachel in my front room all them years ago and me mate Boris. People I knew like donkey's years ago will know them songs because that's where they came from.

But like it took a lot of years afterwards, it was about maybe 17 years since this guy called me captain hotknives, so started actually getting gigs, from turning up at parties, people started booking me to play in pubs. So then I needed a name for obvious reasons, you



can't go under your own fucking name can you? Especially when it's as boring as fucking mine.

So, cuz I had that song 'hotknives are good for you'. that's why I thought ah! I remembered that fella said to me "you're a right fucking captain hotknives you are aren't you you cunt," I was like well I do like the hot knives it is true, ever since I got shown it, favorite method, most economical, biggest hit off smallest amount, proper poverty method, shown it by Scottish people that I was in a band with.

So that is the root of all of Captain Hotknives, how it all started, started playing in pubs and if you've ever heard the song hustlers lament, the sad tune with a banjo, that is about Rachel because her surname was hustler and the lament is that she's gone on to the next world. I'm not religious, but you know what it is, you get brought up with certain patterns.

Alright so, long-winded, but that's why I'm called Captain Hotknives, that's where the first old songs came from and it was after my friend passing away that I thought I'm gonna do this in pubs. And I kind of wanted people to kill me, I've gone in pubs full of hard knocks and pure fucking sung me heart out, I've sung anti-racist lyrics to people who are fucking racist, I've took me chances, I'm amazed nobody's killed me yet, but you know early days, I've only been at it 15 years.

So that's the story of Captain Hotknives, and how it all started, so it's going out to Rachel in the next world, love you Rachel, you were right, people do like it and it has been a good ride.

Take it easy everybody, massive love from Bradford.

# Notes from the editor

## 1. Call out for a collective song writing project

A comedy song telling the story of Chris's (Captain Hotknives) first descent into psychosis was sung one fateful night at The Secret Garden Party festival in a style similar to The Doors, but sadly it has been all but forgotten.

Do you fancy yourself a writer or comedian and have suggestions for rewriting the song or can share with someone who is? Or by 1 in a billion chance were you one of the people who heard it or know someone who did and can get them to remember?

Chris's songs over the last 20 years or more have been a reminder to find the comic absurdity in many aspects of our society and the campaigns to change it for the better. Reminding us that in being able to laugh at ourselves, we can then feel freer to experiment and enjoy a culture with more complex forms of expression being understood.

He's gone from risking his own skin walking into dodgy far-right pubs to sing songs making fun of racism, to writing songs making light of the head spinning speed in the 90s in which someone could go from leafleting against fox hunting to being asked to help liberate beagles from a laboratory. He's poked fun at the history of land ownership and past along tales of drug smugglers robbing their van back from the RUC.

So if a talented songwriter could find a way to work into the lyrics what his future would hold after this fateful event, I think it could go a long way towards a fitting tribute.

Finally feel free to go away and produce something totally unique and contact me at [theosladehome@gmail.com](mailto:theosladehome@gmail.com) with what you've come up with or you can comment your lyrics suggestions directly on the google doc on my website so you can see what other people have contributed:

Simply search 'call out for a collective song writing tribute to Captain Hotknives' to find the post which will lead you to the google doc.

## 2. Comedy song analysis

### Intro

Alright then, I must say, I've got three Nana's / 'cos my mum had two marriages and two of my Nana's are dead / so when I go to the afterlife, I'm going to get the fucking shit kicked out of me.

Adding tension to the upcoming song, stakes for teasing your family and what that says about him for revealing personal info, but that ultimately, it's an admirable passionate relationship that his family give as good as they get. Like the song "Never hit your grandma with a shovel".

And Johnny Cash is gonna kick shit out of me and Bob Marley 'cause I nicked his riff for this.

How'd you get shit kicked out of you by Johnny Cash, Bob Marley and your Nana? It's gonna hurt innit, your Nana's gonna be holdin' your ears like that, Johnny Cash would be kicking you in the balls. I dno [painful pause].

Highlighting the absurdity of how big an impact dead celebrity's leave behind on our imagination, like the contracts we try to uphold with what our dead family member's wishes would be.

### Song

I skanked me Nana, but I did not skank my anti Lilian

She's one in a million

I could never dream of skanking my anti Lilian

[Louder] I skanked me Nana, [quitter] but I did not skank my anti Lilian, she's a nice old lady, she used to drive a fire engine during the war.

Brings life stakes shooting drama of original song down to basics of family drama then further draws your attention to the joke by over emphasizing love for one family member over another, when any dependence on family is seen as uncool.

Surprisingly funny, random tit bit to admire about someone. Introducing the perspective of a wildly different life experience to the story, that is only possible through the contrast found in the family generation gap.

Me Nana, she gave us 30 quid, she said “why don’t you fuck off up to Thornton Edge and get us a quarter ounce of squidge black our kid. Get us a quarter ounce of squidge black and come \*straight back.\*” She said “I need it for my arthritis and that.”

So I said Nana, why do I always have to score for you?

She said “because I fought 17 world wars for you”.

I said “Hang on a minute, I did history at school, there was only 2”.

Sharp contrast again bringing down to earth the mentality that was necessary for getting through world war, comparable to the way people can be stupid today.

She said “no there weren’t dickhead, there was another 15 world wars in Eccelston that never got in the fucking papers. I’m telling ya.. Fucking Japanese tried to invade idle working mens club / I had to beat them off until they were exhausted.

I was like.. / Alright Nana.. / I don’t wanna hear that Nana, I’ll just go get your weed alright..

Satirizing the dark elements that lead to war and what was necessary to draw upon to spur the allies onto winning.

So I fucked off up to Thornton Edge to this guy that I knew. I went straight in and I got a quarter, I didn’t even fill a pipe. I just said it’s for my Nana, I’ve got to go.. he said well just stay for a cup of tea.. I said nah I’ve got to go... he said mate my neighbors will be watching... I said fuck your neighbors it’s me Nana’s ganja, I’ve got to go...

Short sentence repetition and speeds through the conversation to emphasise the rush he was in.

And so I came out of the flats... with a quarter of squidge black...

But across the road, was a car parked up with blacked out windows, it looked like a Toyota Karola and one of the windows were rolled down.

Slows down to express relief at passing the first hurdle, but an ominous slowness such that he could be letting his guard down to the next challenge.

And a voice came from inside and it were our Dean...

Obvious lie, that allows the new character to take control.

And he said alright Chris, have you got any draw on you, and I said no, and he said yes you fucking have, what have you been doing in the flats if you haven't been scoring?

And I said well I have scored a bit, but me Nana... he said never fucking mind your Nana... [serious face] Get in the fucking car... we need a bastard smoke... we've been smoking rocks, we're all fucking uptight and we need

Tries to give the truth in fast short sentences which worked before, but the new character implies he owes him for lying and slows down to emphasise the gravity of his error.

to calm down a bit.

So I got into the car, then I noticed it was a pretty full Toyota Corolla

Seemingly random & specific mention of cheap car name for comic absurdity but adds detail to the feeling of being there and sets up joke of fitting into small car.

There was our Dean, our Rupert and our Johnny

There was our Ben, there was our Iffy and our Taz

Absurdity of adding unnecessary "our" before each name rather than just saying family. But fond cultural expression that plays up the detail of the relationships in the song.

There was our Shwepp, there was our Denise and our Valley

There was our Bruhinder, there was our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and her sister Sarah Denise and her sister Mary Denise, not right imaginative in our family when it comes to girls' names.

Deadpan format repetition, pretending to be unawares of building the picture of an ever more cramped car. Turned into deadpan name repetition.

And we all sat in the car. . .

And I rolled a couple of spliffs to take the edge off living in Bradford.

And because there were so many of us it didn't go that far, so I rolled a couple more to take the edge off there being so many of us in the car.

And then I filled a couple of pipes to take the edge off being in Eccles Hill at all.

And then I filled another couple of pipes to take the edge off having to wear glasses and looking like a white version of Howard from the Halifax advert.

Self-deprecating,  
so putting  
everyone at ease  
about  
themselves.

That shouldn't have got so much applause. Was a bit hurtful. Dropped myself in it thought didn't I.

Then we filled another couple of pipes while we were sat in the car. And our Dean were listening to Kelise and Kelise were singing,

Absurd song  
parody layers  
within the primary  
song parody of  
Bob Marley.

She sang "My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, damn right it's better than yours, I could teach you, but I'd have to charge."

I do love Kelise, but I wish she'd stop ringing me up. She can't fucking accept that it's all over between me and her, I've moved on.

The fake-ness of  
para-social  
relationships to  
celebrity and how  
they influence our  
identity.

Me and Missy Elliot are together now. I love a girl in a puffer jacket me. Someone who's not afraid to wear men's boots, know what I'm saying?

Anyway, so after smoking loads of me nana's ganja, I said to our Dean "will you give us a lift back to Raven's Cliff to give my nana a spliff?"

And he said; "no fucking way, dickhead, [long pause] I don't think you noticed when you got in the car, but it's up on fucking bricks, we had our wheels nicked couple of weeks ago.

And I thought \*shit\* [slaps forehead].

The culmination of a  
long & detailed bait  
and switch. A hopeful  
simple question asked  
is answered with a  
dramatic unforeseen  
turnaround of the  
imagined situation.

I had to walk all the way back to Raven's Cliff, and it were fucking raining as I was walking past Eccles Hill swimming baths.

And I thought fuck this I'm going to have to roll myself a spliff to take the edge off what my Nana's going to do to me when she realises I've smoked all the ganja.

And so I had to fill up another couple of pipes, but that just \*gave\* me the fear. I thought shit, I wish I had some fucking diazepam on me, me mates just come back from Thailand, I'll ring her up and see if she's got any 10 milligram ones, them blue ones, but she were out and it was like shit, I've really got the fear now.

And I got back to me nana's and me Nana said "where the fuckin hell have you been." And me Nana was acting really strange that day, she had a black and white war film on the telly and the prodigy on at fuckin 50,000 gigger watts, what's she doing? "Nana you didn't find a big bag of tablets in my bedroom did you?"

She said never mind that dickhead. You're fucking stoned, you've been smoking my weed.

I said how'd you know I'm stoned?

She said well your eyes are bright red and you went straight for the biscuits. You've had 15 rocky robins and you've only just got into the house. For fucks sake, you fat bastard. No wonder you look like Howard out of fucking Halifax advert.

And then she said; "Where's that funkig ganja then."

And I said; "Well, what it is right, I missed my bus. . ."

And she said; "There is no fucking bus, between Thorpe Edge and Raven's Cliff. And to be honest there's someone in the front room who wants to have a word with you, and I went in the front room and my Uncle Raymond was sat there with a baseball bat.

And he said "I drove round fucking Thorpe Edge earlier and I saw you in a fucking car, that was up on bricks, smoking ganja, with your Dean, and your Rupert and your Johnny, and your Ben, and your Iffy and your Taz, and your Shwepp, and your Denise, and your Valley, and your Bruhinder, and your Denise, and your Denise and your Denise and your Denise."

And I said "alright, chill out, chill out."

And me Nana, she gets disability living allowance, so she can afford these digital scales, and they're accurate to a millionth of a gram, she made me put the ganja on the scales to humiliate me further. And it should have

weighed about 7 grams, but did it fuck, it weighed 1.333333333 recurring grams, which is less than an eighth.

She wasn't best pleased, so my Uncle Raymond grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and he made me put my hands on the kitchen table flat, and he battered the back of each hand with his baseball bat, and he mashed up me knuckles. He said; "that'll stop you playing the guitar and thieving off your family you little fucker."

And I thought ooaa that really hurt, and I had to walk all the way up to Bradford Royal Infirmary with mashed up knuckles and when I got there I got stuck in a queue behind a kid with a pan on his head, I was starting to get MRSA in my mashed up knuckles and when I got to the front of the queue it turned out that the kid with the pan on his head, the pan weren't even stuck, it was just a three stripe Addidas pan, it was a fucking fashion pan, the bastard. And the nurse said how did you get your knuckles broken, and I said I walked into a door, she said no you fucking didn't, you've been skanking your nana, I said how did you know that, she said it was on Look North. Christie from Thorpe Edge said it was you who had done it.

Last bit now, the moral of the whole song.

Don't skank your Nana, after all it was your Nana who bought you some action man bubble bath even though you were 27. Thanks Nana.